THE

NEW STAR.

A REPUBLICAN, MISCELLANEOUS, LITERARY PAPER.

BY RUSSEL & DAVIS, CONCORD, NEWH.

No. IV.—MAY 2, 1797.

REPUBLICAN.

From the U. S. GAZETTE.

The Warning---No. 3.

THE Paris accounts inform us, that France has lately exercised towards Genoa an act of attrocious oppression, which is an additional and a striking indication of the domineering and predatory spirit by which she is governed. This little republic, whose territory scarcely extends beyond the walls of her metropolis, has been compelled, it seems, to ransom herself from the talons of France by a contribution of nearly a million of dollars; a large sum for her contracted resources. For this boon, "the French government engages on its part to *renounce all claims upon Genoa*, to *forget* what has passed during the present war, & to forbear any future demands." It would appear from this, that France to colour the odious exaction, besides the pretence of misconduct towards her in the present war, has not disdained to resort to the stale and pitiful device of reviving some antiquated claim upon the country itself. In vain, did the signal hazards encountered by Genoa to preserve her neutrality, in defiance of the host of enemies originally leagued against France—in vain did the character and title of republic plead a more generous treatment; the attractions of plunder predominated. The spirit of rapine, callous to the touch of justice, blind to the evidence of truth, deaf to the voice of entreaty, had marked out and devoted the victim. There was no alternative but to compound or perish.

If it be even supposed, though this has never appeared, that at some period of the war, Genoa may be chargeable with acts of questionable propriety in relation to France, it is manifest, that it ought to be attributed to the necessity of a situation which must have obliged her to temporize—a very small and feeble state, in the midst of so many great conflicting powers, parts of her territories occupied by armies which she was unable to oppose; it were a miracle, indeed, if her conduct in every particular will bear the test of rigorous scrutiny. But if at any time the pressure of circumstances may have occasioned some slight deviation, there is nevertheless full evidence of a constant solicitude on the part of Genoa to maintain to

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the utmoſt of her ability, a ſincere neutrality. It is impoſſible to forget the glorious ſtand, which ſhe at one time made againſt the imperious efforts of Greatbritain to force her from her neutral poſition. The magnanimous and exemplary fortitude, which ſhe diſplayed on that occaſion, excited in this country univerſal admiration, and muſt have made a deep impreſſion. 'Tis only to recollect that inſtance to be ſatisfied, that the treatment which ſhe has juſt experienced from France merits the indignant execration of mankind. Unfortunate Genoa! how little didſt thou imagine, that thou wert deſtined ſo ſoon to be compelled to purchaſe thy ſafety from the cruſhing weight of that hand which ought to have been the firſt to riſe in thy defence!

How fruitful at the ſame time of inſtruction to us is this example! The moſt infatuated partiſans of France cannot but ſee in it an unequivocal proof of the capacious and vindictive policy which dictates her meaſures. All men muſt ſee in it, that the flagrant injuries which we are now ſuffering from her, proceed from a general plan of domination and plunder; from a diſpoſition to proſtrate nations at her feet; to trample upon their necks; to raviſh from them whatever her cupidity or convenience may think fit to dedicate to her own uſe.

The laſt intelligence from France ſeems to diſpel the doubt whether the depredations in the Weſtindies may not have reſulted from miſapprehenſion or abuſe of the orders of the French government. It is now underſtood to be a fact, that the cruiſers of France every where are authoriſed to capture & bring in all veſſels bound to the ports of her enemies.

This plan is pregnant with the worſt evils, which are to be dreaded from the declared and unqualified hoſtility of any foreign power. If France, after being properly called upon to renounce it, ſhall perſevere in the meaſure, there cannot be a queſtion but that open war will be preferable to ſuch a ſtate. By whatever name, treachery or puſillanimity may attempt to diſguiſe it, 'tis in fact war, war of the worſt kind, WAR ON ONE SIDE. If we can be induced to ſubmit to it longer than is neceſſary to aſcertain that it cannot be averted by negotiation, we are undone as a people. Whether our determination ſhall be to lock up to our trade by embargoes, or to permit our commerce to float as unprotected prey to French cruiſers, our degradation and ruin will be equally complete. The deſtruction of our navigation and commerce, the annihilation of our mercantile capital, the diſperſion and loſs of our ſeamen obliged to emigrate for ſubſiſtence, the extinction of our revenue, the fall of public credit, the ſtagnation of every ſpecies of induſtry, the general impoveriſhment of our citizens, theſe will be the minor evils in the dreadful catalogue. Some years of ſecurity & exertion might repair them. But the humiliation of the American mind would be a laſting and a mortal diſeaſe in our ſocial habit. Mental debaſement is the greateſt misfortune that can

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befal a people. The moſt pernicious of conqueſts which a ſtate can experience, is a conqueſt over that juſt and elevated ſenſe of its own rights, which inſpires a due ſenſibility to inſult and injury, over that virtuous and generous pride of character, which prefers any peril or ſacrifice to a final ſubmiſſion to oppreſſion, and which regards national ignominy as the greateſt of national calamities.

The records of hiſtory contain numerous proofs of this truth. But an appeal to them is unneceſſary. Holland and Italy preſent to our immediate obſervation, examples as deciſive as they are deplorable. The former within the laſt ten years has undergone two revolutions by the intervention of foreign powers without even a ſerious ſtruggle. Mutilated of precious portions of its territory at home by pretended benefactors, but real deſpoilers, its dominions abroad ſlide into the poſſeſſion of its enemies rather as dereliets than as the acquiſitions of victory. Its fleets ſurrender without a blow — Important only by the ſpoils which it offers no leſs to its friends than to its enemies—every ſymptom in its affairs is portentious of national annihilation.

With regard to Italy, 'tis ſufficient to ſay, that ſhe is debaſed enough not even to dare to take part in a conteſt, on which, at this moment, her deſtiny is ſuſpended.

Moderation in every nation is a virtue. In weak or young nations, it is often wiſe to take every chance by patience and addreſs to divert hoſtility, and in this view to *hold parley* with inſult and injury—but *to capitulate* with oppoſition, or rather to ſurrender to it at diſcretion, is in any nation, that has any power of reſiſtance at all times, as fooliſh as it is contemptible. The honor of a nation is its life. Deliberately to abandon it is to commit an act of political ſuicide.—There is treaſon in the ſentiment, avowed in the language of ſome, and betrayed by the conduct of others, that we ought to bear any thing from France rather than go to war with her. The nation, which can prefer diſgrace to danger, is prepared for a MASTER, and deſerves one.

AMERICUS.

MISCELLANIES.

From the *Farmer's Weekly Muſeum.*

"Wherewith ſhall I liken this generation? It is like unto children."

I CHALLENGE the rhetoricians to find an apter ſimilitude to expreſs the levity of the age.

The features of humanity vary with ever varying time. Men are foxes at one ſeaſon, tigers at another, and kittens, or monkeys at a third. Sometimes, intent on grave affairs, we are a ſtarched and ſolemn race, and ſometimes we vacantly gambol, with coral and go cart.

The world has, by the fancy of bards, or by the auſterity of monks been compared to a wilderneſs, to a priſon, and to a mad-houſe.—To me its preſent aſpect is a great nurſery; the girls are buſy in dreſſing dolls, and the boys in playing at chuck farthing, or driving

ing a hoop. All are frivolouſly employed; and in whatever nook I caſt my eyes, I ſee nothing but baby faces, and childiſh play.

The occupations, the arts, the manners and amuſements of the age, are all compoſed of the lighteſt materials. Vive la Bagatelle is the general motto. The world now reminds me of an old wooden cut, in the Scotch edition of my Bunyan. It is "vanity fair;" and nothing prominent to be ſeen, but Frenchmen, harlequins, mountebanks and dancing dogs.

I look into the memoirs of Sully, and into the age of Louis fourteenth. I there read intereſting narratives of an illuſtrious prince, magnanimous nobles, erudite clergy, and a gay people. I ſee arts, uſeful and ſplendid, diſplayed, and the artiſt wantoning in ſun ſhine. I behold the great wheels of proceſs turning, and, in every rotation, the important and the beneficial uppermoſt.—I lay aſide my books and look at modern Paris. It is like peeping into the ſhew box of the vagrant Savoyard. Every thing ſhews fantaſtic, and puerile. Legiſlators with bits of motley ribbon in their caps; and, compelled to wear this republican girth web, imagining themſelves free. Proſtitutes from the opera, perſonating the ſobereſt of our faculties; and chimney ſweepers, not yet pure from their ſoot, laying their ſable paws upon a conſtitution. Every where the tricks of ſcaramouch and the dialect of the gipſey. If I ſeek their chiefs, I diſcover a monſter with five heads, more whimſical than the he goat of the prophet Daniel.—If I would aſk the day of the month, I hear the gibberiſh of Germinal & Pluvioſe; and Courts of Juſtice and a body of ſoldiers indicated, by "Revolutionary Tribunal," and "Expeditionary Army."

But my eyes ache by gazing at theſe microſcopic objects. Let us leave Paris and her great boys to blow bladders, or to drown cats and impale flies. We too are childiſh, on this ſide of the Atlantic, though not quite ſo abſurd, or cruel in our ſports, as the French.

I am not at a loſs in what claſs to rank an audience, who ſnore over the ſcenes of Shakeſpeare, and are broad awake to the mummery of pantomime. The fine gentleman of lady, who can exchange a dollar for a curvet of Laiſon's horſes, or the cup and ball necromancy of an Italian adventurer, appears to me as awkward as my eldeſt boy Bobby, now riding acroſs my ſtudy, on a broomſtick.

Of all new faces, and of every exhibition, we are childiſh admirers. I have known a retainer to the Britiſh theatre, who there was ſcarcely permitted to ſnuff candles without a *prompter*, extolled by the raſhneſs of American enthuſiaſm, as another Henderſon or Garrie.

In literature a childiſh taſte prevails, and childiſh effuſions are the vogue. We ſuffer our ears to be ſoothed, by tinkling epithets, and our underſtandings to be lullabied, by the drowſy hum of opera. I have heard of thoſe, who have been infantine enough to go the ſixth night to a tragedy, whoſe only

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merit was the republican name of its hero, and, who concluded a paper was classical and patriotic of course, because its Editor was an Irishman.

The apostle acknowledged, that in the early part of his life, he thought, spoke, and acted as a child; but when he took his degrees in the school of manhood, he laid aside folly, and her cap and bells. Though the piety of Saint Paul may be inimitable, yet his dignity and resolution may be copied. The Lay Preacher hopes that he shall no longer behold a large portion of full grown fellow-creatures, sitting like children in the market place. Let us therefore in the quaint, but meaning phrase of our Bible translators, "quit ourselves like men," and remember that we were formed for higher purposes, than to pipe, or to dance.

THE LAY PREACHER.

FROM THE ARGUS.

[A new paper, printed at Putney, Ver.]

Custom'd and fierce, the Tigress still remains,
And breaks her teeth in biting off her chains.

OF all the animals that inhabit the earth, a petulent woman is the most untractable. I lately put up at a house in a small village, occupied by an industrious and hospitable tradesman. The weather was very cold and stormy. I seated myself by a warm fire, and called for some cider. I had not been long, before I was alarmed by a woman's voice, in the kitchen; I listened with attention, but could only hear (distinctly) the following. "Yes you *villain*, I'll let you know who is your *master*. I'll have you to know I'll not be treated in this way."—I resolved to go into the room from whence the noise proceeded. Just as I opened the door, the *good* woman caught her husband by the hair, which (very fortunately) was artificial, and brought it from his head, the first onset, and consigned it to the flames—But seeing me enter the room, they both left it; but one of them soon returned. I enquired the cause of this dispute: Was informed that the *poor* woman had appointed a visit that evening, that her husband was obliged to go to mill that afternoon, and did not return so soon with the sleigh as she expected, by *full twenty* minutes. The *dear Rib* was so enraged, that she would neither *eat*, *drink*, or *smoke*; but devoured a large twist of pipe ammunition by mastication. At nine, her husband desired her to retire to bed; but she chose to sleep by the fire. I went to bed, and meditating on what had taken place in the evening—I fell asleep, and dreamed, that my wife was pulling my hair; when to my *unspeakable* joy, I awoke and found myself alone—and *blessed* my *stars*, that I was an old Bachelor.

N. B. My good hostess has lost two of her teeth.

ELOQUENCE.

THE following description of an orator is given by the celebrated Politian.

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We extract it from the elegant work of Mr. Roſcoe.—Speaking of Mariane, in a letter to Lorenzo, Politian ſays, "I was lately induced to attend one of his Lectures, rather, to ſay the truth, thro' curioſity, than with the hope of being entertained. His appearance, however, intereſted me in his favor. His addreſs was ſtriking, and his eye marked intelligence. My expectation was raiſed. He began—I was attentive; a clear voice—ſelect expreſſion—elevated ſentiments. He divides his ſubject—I perceive his diſtinctions; nothing perplexed; nothing inſipid; nothing languid. He unfolds the web of his argument—I am enthralled; he refutes the ſophiſm—I am freed; he introduces a pertinent narrative—I am intereſted; he modulates his voice—I am charmed; he is jocular—I ſmile; he preſſed me with ſerious truths—I yield to their force; he addreſſes the paſſions—the tears glide down my cheeks; he raiſes his voice in anger—I tremble, and wiſh myſelf away.

MORAL *REPOSITORY.*

SINCERITY is the moſt compendious wiſdom, and an excellent inſtrument for the ſpeedy diſpatch of buſineſs. It creates confidence in thoſe we have to deal with, ſaves the labors of many enquiries, and brings things to an iſſue in a few words. It is like travelling a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man ſooner to his journey's end, than bye-ways, in which men often loſe themſelves. In a word, whatſoever convenience may be thought to be in falſhood and diſſimulation, it is ſoon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, becauſe it brings a man under an everlaſting jealouſy and ſuſpicion, ſo that he is not believed when he ſpeaks the truth, nor truſted when perhaps he means honeſtly. When a man hath once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, nothing will then ſerve his turn, neither truth nor falſhood. Indeed if a man were to deal in a world for a day, and ſhould never have occaſion to converſe more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (as far as reſpects the affairs of this world) if he ſpent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw. But if he be to continue in the world, & would have the advantage of reputation whilſt he is in it, let him make uſe of truth and ſincerity in all his words and actions, for nothing but this will hold it out to the end.—All other arts may fail, but truth

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and integrity will carry a man through, and beat him out to the laſt.

AN EXTRACT.

——SURE the laſt end of the good Man is Peace:—How calm his exit:—Night dews fall not more gently on the ground—nor weary worn-out winds expire ſo ſoft:—Search others for their virtues; thyſelf for thy vices:—If you do not liſten to the voice of GOD in proſperity, you muſt not repine, though he does not liſten to you in adverſity.—The heart that has long been a prey to ſorrow, gradually loſes its ſenſibility.

THE *MONITOR.*

NOTHING ſo effectually charms the mind into a ſettled eſteem, as concurrence in an employment ſo beneficial, ſo delightful, as the care and education of our offspring. This is a work of ſo much importance, and requiring ſo much time, that it contributes more than any thing towards perpetuating our union. The neceſſary duties of one child are ſucceeded by the neceſſary duties of another, until we have tranſferred as it were, our whole ſouls into our offspring, paſſionately loving each other again in our ſeveral images or repreſentatives, and live only to make ourſelves happy through the happineſs of our children. It is thus we may be joined to be renewed or made young again—We view the progreſs of an infant mind, the ſources and growth of its affection, with more pleaſure than it experienced by itſelf. We intereſt ourſelves in thoſe paſſions which determine the events of life, we forget our infirmities; we imagine ourſelves in love again, becauſe our children are enamored, and we become fathers and mothers a ſecond time, when they aſſume thoſe happy denominations. Compare the extents of what is called a life of pleaſure with ſuch as theſe. View the man, who, he expreſſed himſelf, "Chooſes to be free," and will not burthen himſelf with a family—view him, I ſay, when infirmities and diſorder menace diſſolution—view him not ſurrounded, not by a tender wife and beloved offspring, anxiouſly endeavouring to lighten his pains, and by every kind attention to render his ſituation more eaſy—but by thoſe, who to ſay no worſe, care but little about him—view him ſinking into the grave in ignominy and frantic wretchedneſs—while thoſe men and women who have gone hand in hand in the pleaſing duties of life, will not only have a firm ſupport in honorable recollections, but will be led down its rugged declivity, by the tendereſt care of an affectionate offspring, and will reſign themſelves to reſt like uſeful labourers, a little weary, but ſatisfied with the work of the day.

PARNASSIAN RIVULET.

THE RURAL SCENE.

HAIL! *blooming May!*
Thy beauties gay,
To ſongs inſpire my ſoul;
Hail! lovely ſpring!

Can

Can I but ſing,
Touch'd by thy ſoft control.

Late, winter's ſtorms,
In various forms,
Bellow'd thro' ether high,
Snow, hail and froſt,
By whirlwinds toſt,
Ruſh'd from the dark-veil'd ſky.

Now chang'd the ſcene,
The vernal green,
Salutes the cheerful eye;
Sweet Flora deigns
To walk our plains,
And fragrance fills the ſky.

Betwixt the twins,
Sol ſmiling reigns,
Darting his rays benign;
Vapors exhale.
Show'rs dew the vale,
And bid its verdure ſhine.

Here feeds the cow,
There drags the plough,
Here frisking lambkins play;
There tuneful ſing
The birds of ſpring,
And chirp from ſpray to ſpray.

Here prance the ſteeds,
Here whiſtling reeds,
Fan'd by the ſhepherd's note,
Sooth every care,
And thro' the air,
Bid rural muſic float.

There murm'ring purls,
In foamleſs furls,
The pure meand'ring ſtream,
Where ſilver trouts,
And finny ſpouts,
And wieldly ſalmon gleam.

Here ſmiling Tom,
Comes whiſtling home,
Driving his new milch kine;
While pale in hand,
And waiting ſtand
His ſiſters, half divine,

Belinda fair,
Sits ſhining there,
And ſtrikes angelic notes;
While Strephon ſmiles,
Sweats, digs and toils,
Sings, laughs and ſows his oats.

Beneath yon ſhade,
For pleaſure made,
Menander leads his fair,
Steals the ſoft kiſs,
Drinks deep of bliſs,
Ah! gentle, loving pair.

Chloe divine,
Can I reſign,
Such rural joys as theſe,
Homer to ſcan,
Search Martin's plan,
Or make a Majeu pleaſe?

My God forbid!
Let theſe be bid,
And hand in hand we'll rove;
Viſit the bow'rs,
Crop tender flow'rs,
And prattle tales of love.

Sportive and gay,
We'll ſpend away
The hours, till ſetting ſun,
In pleaſure ſoft,
In dalliance oft,
We'll melt, diſſolve, be one.

EPIGRAM.

WHATEVER Tom tells, if his wife ſhould be by,
She modeſtly hints, that ſhe thinks 'tis a lie;
Then wars ſtraight enſue—ye Gods quell ſuch ſtrife,
Give to Thomas more truth, or more faith to his wife.